The Story of Jīvandhara swāmi

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SETTING: KING SHRENIKA ASKS ABOUT THE MEDITATING MONK (vv. 183–187)

On another day, King Shrenika was walking with great pleasure through the four radiant forests outside the Gandhakuti. There, at the foot of a Pindi tree, he saw the great sage Jīvandhara swāmi seated in deep meditation. His mind drawn by the sage's radiant appearance, the king entered with curiosity. With great devotion he worshipped and paid homage to the Ganadhara Sudharmadeva and took his seat. Then with folded hands and deep humility he asked the Ganadhara: "O Lord! Who is this sage who appears as if he will be liberated from all karmas this very day?" (vv. 183–186)

In response, the Ganadhara — who held fourfold knowledge — began to speak as follows. This is as it should be, for neither the speaker nor the listener feels weariness of heart when hearing the character of noble souls (v. 187).

BACKGROUND: THE CITY OF RAJAPURA AND KING SATYANDHARAMA (vv. 188–190)

"O Shrenika, listen! On this earth beautified by the Jambu tree, in the country called Hemangada, there is a city called Rajapura. In that city lived a king named Satyandharama — who, like the moon, brought joy to all — and his chief queen was Vijaya, like a second Vijayalakshmi. The king's minister, skilled in all matters, bore the name Kashthangara; and the royal priest, a destroyer of divinely-sent calamities, was named Rudradatta." (vv. 188–190)

TWO AUSPICIOUS DREAMS OF QUEEN VIJAYA (vv. 191–197)

One day Queen Vijaya was sleeping comfortably in her inner chamber. She saw two dreams: first, that King Satyandharama had given her his own crown adorned with eight golden bells; second, that she was seated at the foot of an ashoka tree, but someone had cut that ashoka tree down with an axe — yet from its stump a new young sapling had sprouted (vv. 191–192).

It was the last watch of the night when she saw these dreams with a clear and peaceful mind. Rising in the morning, she went with proper deference to King Satyandharama and told him the dreams and asked their meaning (v. 193). The king seated the queen and said: "After my passing, you will have a son who will obtain eight great gains and will enjoy the kingdom of the earth." Hearing such an unwelcome statement, the queen's heart filled with both grief and joy. Seeing her thus, the king consoled her with good words and satisfied her. By the will of fate, the soul of this godly being descended from heaven and entered the womb of Queen Vijaya, residing there comfortably like a fortunate royal swan in an autumn lotus-lake (vv. 194–197).

THE MERCHANT GANDHOTKATTA CONSULTS THE SAGE SHILAGUPTAA (vv. 198–206)

On another day, the wealthy merchant Gandhotkatta — foremost among the merchants of that city — went to the Manohara garden and saw the great sage Shilaguptaa, who held all three knowledges: mati, shruta, and avadhi. He bowed with great reverence and asked: "O Lord! Due to the rise of my sinful karmas, several of my sons have had short lives. O revered one! Will I ever have a long-lived son or not?" (vv. 198–200)

The compassionate sage replied: "Yes, you will also have a long-lived son (v. 201). O merchant, here is the sign by which you should have faith in this: in a few days a dead child will be born in your house; you will go to the forest to place it there, and there you will find a child who will be greatly meritorious. He will enjoy the entire earth as his kingdom, and then — satiated with all sense pleasures — he will joyfully destroy all karmas and attain the fortune of liberation." Saying this, the sage departed. By divine grace a yakshini (female nature deity) happened to be present there and heard all this. The auspicious karma of the

future prince also inspired her, and at the time of his birth her heart was filled with the desire to assist his mother. She went to the royal household and assumed the form of a Garuda-yantra (mechanical bird). This is as it should be, for the gods naturally draw near when the accumulated merit of a meritorious soul rises (vv. 202–206).

THE TREACHERY OF KASHTHANGARA — THE KING IS SLAIN (vv. 207–222)

Then spring — the season that delights all beings — arrived. One day the malicious priest Rudradatta came early in the morning to the king's palace. Seeing the queen without ornaments he sat down and asked: "Where is the king?" The queen replied: "The king is asleep — he cannot be seen just now." Rudradatta took these very words as an ill omen and turned back. He went to the minister Kashthangara and told him: "All this kingdom will be yours — kill the king quickly!" (vv. 207–208)

Hearing this, Kashthangara was frightened and covered his ears with his hands and said: "I am the king's servant; the king gave me the position of minister. Although the king does not properly acknowledge my services — how can I do him such wrong? O Rudradatta, you are learned — why have you spoken such unjust words?" (vv. 209–213)

Hearing Kashthangara's response, the priest said again: "The king's future son will be your killer — so do something about this." Saying this, Rudradatta went to his house. But due to the rise of his evil karma, he fell ill on the very third day and died. After death, Rudradatta went to the painful hell realm for a long time (v. 215). The minister Kashthangara, guided by Rudradatta's words and fearing for his own death, decided to kill the king. He won over two thousand powerful warrior-kings with money, and taking all of them along with many war-ready elephants and horses, marched toward the royal palace (vv. 216–217).

Learning of this, the king had Queen Vijaya placed on the Garuda-yantra and sent her away with great effort. The kings who had previously submitted to Kashthangara, upon seeing the king himself, abandoned Kashthangara and came over to the king's side. The king went with all those kings in anger to confront the minister and quickly defeated him in battle and drove him away in flight (vv. 218–220).

Kashthangara's son Kalangaarika, hearing of his father's defeat, became furious and quickly came with a large, well-prepared army (v. 221). The sinful Kashthangara also joined his son, and together they killed the king in battle and Kashthangara seated himself on the throne (v.

222). That base Kashthangara accepted the kingdom — which was like food mixed with poison, or like a treacherous minister, or like a violence-promoting religion — bringing destruction rather than welfare (v. 223).

QUEEN VIJAYA FLEES TO THE CREMATION GROUND — Jīvandhara swāmi IS BORN (vv. 224–243)

Queen Vijaya, mounted on the Garuda-yantra, departed. Her body was burning in the fire of grief; she was weeping — yet the yakshini was protecting her. She arrived at the cremation ground. There some people were being impaled on stakes; the wounds on their throats were dripping with blood that had colored the stakes; others hung with heads downward making various terrible sounds; and vultures were pulling out half-burned bodies from the fire and cutting them into pieces. In this terrifying cremation ground the queen arrived (vv. 224–227).

That night the yakshini protected her perfectly and allowed no harm. Just as the moon rises in the sky, that very night her beautiful son was born (v. 228). There was no celebration at the birth of Queen Vijaya's son — instead, due to the increase of adversity from the rise of sinful karmas, grief arose (v. 229). Seeing the queen overcome with grief — like a creeper withered by a forest fire — the yakshini quickly lit lamps of gems all around (v. 230).

Then the yakshini consoled the queen: "See — everywhere in this world there is suffering; this youth-prosperity must inevitably decline; the company of relatives is also destined to end; and this very life is as fleeting as a lamp (v. 231). This body is impure on all sides and therefore the wise generally give it up; and this kingdom — which all the world worships — lasts only as long as a flash of lightning (v. 232). All beings who love all things love them in their transient form; yet all transient forms are destined to perish — so love ultimately leads only to anguish (v. 233). Even when undesired things are present one does not love them; even when desired things are present one cannot own them; and even when one does love one's own things, the thing, its desirability, and one's ownership of it all perish (v. 234). This knowledge knows all things of the world simultaneously without delay — yet it has never seen anything anywhere at any time remaining still. This means everything in the world is impermanent (v. 235). If love exists for what is yet to come, let it be; but one who loves even things that have already perished — can such a one be called wise? (v. 236) Therefore O dear Vijaya, reflect on the nature of samsara — give up grief and do not love in vain the king who has perished (v. 237). This great son of yours will rise gloriously until he reaches liberation; he will certainly destroy the evil conduct of your enemy and bring you happiness

(v. 238). Therefore now bathe, calm your mind, take proper food — what is the point of this grief that is worthy of reproach and causes the body to decay? (v. 239). Even in the next world your husband cannot be found through grief, for creatures obtain different destinations according to the differences in their karma (v. 240)." With these and other reasoned words the yakshini removed Vijaya's grief and remained at her side. This is as it should be — the goodness of noble souls is exactly like this (v. 241).

At that moment the merchant Gandhotkatta himself was going there to place his dead newborn son in the cremation ground. He placed the son in the proper spot and then heard a deep, clear, child-like sound. He blessed the child saying "Live! Live!" — as if calling out the name Jīvandhara swāmi. Convinced the sage's words were true, he was greatly pleased; he approached the child, spread out both arms, and lovingly picked him up (vv. 242–243). Queen Vijaya, recognizing Gandhotkatta by his voice, instructed him: "O noble one! Raise this son of mine as your own and keep his identity concealed." Having said this, she entrusted her son to the merchant.

Jīvandhara swāmi NAMED AND RAISED — QUEEN VIJAYA GOES TO THE FOREST (vv. 243–253)

The merchant Gandhotkatta also said "I will do so" and, quickly going home, did not tell these events to his wife Nanda. Instead, feigning some anger, he said to her: "Your memory has completely failed! Without examining, without any consideration, you handed over this living child to me to place in the cremation ground. This child is long-lived and meritorious — take him and raise him." Saying this, he gave the child to his wife Nanda (vv. 246–248). Nanda, with her lively eyes, took the child joyfully in her arms — a child who outshone even the rising sun in his radiance (v. 249).

The next day the merchant performed the birth ceremonies and — after the anna-prashana (first food) ritual — gave the child the name Jīvandhara swāmi (v. 250). Then Queen Vijaya mounted the Garuda-yantra and departed. She came to the great hermitage of the ascetics in the Dandaka forest and lived there in concealment, overcome with grief. Whenever she fell into sorrow, the yakshini would come and remove her grief by telling her appropriate stories about the nature of samsara and pointing her to the path of dharma every day (vv. 250–253).

THE COMPANIONS AND HOUSEHOLD OF Jīvandhara swāmi (vv. 254–261)

Meanwhile, King Satyandharama had two other junior queens — Bhamarati and Anangapataka. From these two were born two sons named Madhura and Bakula. Both of them, having understood the nature of the true dharma, had taken the lay-disciple vows. Both brothers grew up in the household of the merchant Gandhotkatta (vv. 254–255).

In the same city there were four more lay-disciples — Vijayamati, Sagara, Dhanapala, and Matisagara — who were respectively the commander of the army, the royal priest, the chief merchant, and the minister. These four lay-disciples had wives named Jayavati, Shrimati, Shridatta, and Anupama respectively, and sons named Devasena, Buddhisena, Varadatta, and Madhumukha. Just as the six substances (jiva and so on) reside with the universe, so these six sons — Madhura and others — grew up together with Prince Jīvandhara , all devoted to childhood sports (vv. 256–260). All these children were like Jīvandhara swāmi's very own life — day and night, never leaving him. In addition, Nanda (the merchant's wife) also had a son named Nandadhya in due course (v. 261).

KING AYAVARMA RECOGNIZES Jīvandhara swāmi'S ROYAL LINEAGE (vv. 262–285)

One day they were playing in the garden outside the city with balls and other toys, when a man who had assumed the guise of an ascetic came there. Seeing Prince Jīvandhara , he asked: "Tell me — how far is the city from here?" Jīvandhara laughed slightly and said: "You are old and yet do not know this? A mere child here would not be confused about such a thing. One sees children playing outside the city gardens — does one not immediately infer the city is very close? Just as fire can be inferred from smoke, this inference is easy." Hearing Jīvandhara’s reply and observing his bearing, shadow, and voice, the ascetic thought: "This is no ordinary child — from the signs, he must certainly have been born in some royal family." (vv. 262–266)

Wishing to test the prince's lineage by some means, the ascetic asked him: "Give me a little food." Prince Jīvandhara accepted and took him along to his father. He told his father: "I have promised this man food — you are the authority in this." Hearing Jīvandhara's words, his father Gandhotkatta was greatly pleased and thought: "My son is truly humble and praiseworthy." He embraced him again and again (vv. 267–269). Then he said: "Son, after he has bathed he will eat properly with me — you go and eat without worry first." (v. 270)

Young Jīvandhara sat down to eat with all his companions. Just as food was being served, the child — as was natural — began to cry: "This food is all hot — how can I eat it?" and cried and cried, distressing his mother. Seeing him cry, the man in ascetic disguise said: "O prince, O noble one! Such crying does not suit you. Though you are young in age, you are intelligent and capable of humbling the entire world — why then do you cry?" Jīvandhara swāmi replied: "O revered one, hear me! There are qualities in this crying that you do not know. Crying releases accumulated phlegm, brings brightness to the eyes, and cools the food — so why do you ask me not to cry?" Hearing his son's words, the mother too was greatly pleased; Gandhotkatta prepared cool food and had the ascetic eat with them properly (vv. 271–276).

After eating and sitting comfortably, the ascetic said: "I have great affection for this prince. Seeing his ability, I wish to cleanse his intellect by bathing it in the ocean-water of the great scriptures." (vv. 277–278) Hearing this, the merchant Gandhotkatta replied: "I am the foremost among lay-disciples, so I do not bow to one of another sect for any reason. If you are absent — meaning if I do not bow to you — you who carry so much pride will certainly take offense." Hearing the merchant's words, the ascetic introduced himself (vv. 279–280): "I am the king of Simhapura city, and Ayavarma is my name. Having heard the nature of dharma from the sage Viranandi, I obtained pure right belief, and giving my kingdom to Dhritiksena, I took initiation. But when a severe burning fever arose, unable to endure its intense heat, I assumed this guise while remaining a right-believer. O friend of dharma!" Hearing this, the noble merchant examined him properly and then entrusted his son and all the companions to him. This is as it should be — just as in a good field a wise man can produce whatever he wishes from the right seed (vv. 281–284).

The right-believer then took the great Jīvandhara and in a short time made him fully proficient in all the sciences (v. 285). Just as the sun shines brilliantly after the rains, or as an elephant is beautified when given wealth and prestige, so too Prince Jīvandhara — having reached the bloom of youth — became beautifully adorned through all the sciences (v. 286). That teacher, in due course, took proper initiation and was liberated.

FIRST DEEDS: DEFEATING THE HUNTER KALAKUTA AND WINNING GODAVARI (vv. 287–300)

At that time there was a hunter-king named Kalakuta who was so dark he seemed like darkness itself having taken human form out of fear of the sun's rays; his complexion was like clouds of tobacco smoke; he was violent toward animals. Armed with bow and arrows, ruthless, bitter as a medicine without the right remedy, merciless, his army announced with horrifying horn-blasts — he came like an obstacle to sages, intent on carrying off all the animals (vv. 287–290).

Hearing of this, King Kashthangara had this proclamation made: "Whoever rescues these animals from this hunter — I will give him the daughter Godavari, born of Gopendra's wife Gopashri." Hearing this announcement, Prince Jīvandhara took his companions and went to face the hunters. Stringing his bow and placing sharp arrows, due to his excellent training he loosed volleys of arrows with great speed; wherever archers appeared he reached them at once. Swiftly shifting positions, he deflected falling enemy arrows, cut through the enemy's arrow-showers, and restrained their weapons from reaching the frightened. Fighting for a long time, Jīvandhara swāmi defeated the hunters. Victory-Lakshmi herself came to him. Announcing his glory with white fame — which shamed even the moon, the feathers of swans, and the flowers of kunda — he entered the city, its banners fluttering (vv. 291–297). At that moment all eyes, like bees drawn by the fragrance of fame-flowers blooming on the tree of his body, were upon the prince (v. 298).

Through a single statement — "It was Prince Jīvandhara who fought and rescued the animals" — the merchant's sons informed the king. Following the prince's message, the king gave the daughter Godavari in marriage with ceremony to Nandadhya as had been promised. This is as it should be, for the courses of action are of many kinds (vv. 299–300).

GARUDAVEGA'S PROPHECY

Then: on the southern ridge of the Vijayardha mountain range in this Bharata-kshetra, radiant as the sky, there is a city called Gaganavallabha. The king of the Vidyadharas, Garudavega, ruled there. By the will of fate his relatives had humiliated him, so he fled and went to the island of Ratnadwipa. On the mountain there called Manujodaya, he built a fine city named Ramaniya and lived there. His queen was named Dharini (vv. 301–303).

One day his daughter Gandharvadartta had been fasting; her body was somewhat wilted. She had worshipped Lord Jinendra and was bringing the remaining flower-garland from the worship to her father. Seeing her in the full bloom of youth, the king of Vidyadharas asked his minister Matisagara: "To whom should this daughter be given?" The minister of unlimited intellect then narrated what he had previously heard (vv. 304–306):

"One day I went to Mount Mandara to pay homage to Lord Jinendra. In the Nandana garden on the east side, I went to the Jina temple there, made a respectful circumambulation, and offered proper praise. A Charana-muni named Vipulamati was seated there — I bowed to him also (vv. 307–308). After hearing from him the nature of dharma, I asked: 'O world-revered one! My master has a pure daughter named Gandharvadartta — to whom will she be a wife?' The sage — possessing avadhi-jnana — replied: 'In the Bharata-kshetra of Jambudwipa, in the beautiful *Hemangada* country, in the city of *Rajapura*, a king named Satyandharama — adorned with truthful speech — rules. His chief queen is named Vijaya. He has one noble and wise son — Gandharvadartta will be that prince's wife at the vina-*svayamvara*.' Hearing the minister's words, the Vidyadhara king was somewhat perplexed and asked: 'How will we have a connection with a ground-dweller?' He asked the minister Matisagara again (vv. 309–313)."

The minister replied, narrating all he had further learned from the sage: "In that same Rajapura city there was a merchant named Vrishabhadatta; his wife was Padmavati, and their son was Jinadatta. Once in the Pritivardhana garden of that city, the sage Sagarsena was seated in omniscient worship. Jinadatta had come with his father Vrishabhadatta to pay homage and worship — and you (Garudavega) had also come there out of devotion. Seeing Jinadatta there, a special affection arose in you for him; apart from different bodies, there was no separation at all between you two (vv. 314–317). After some days, the merchant Vrishabhadatta established Jinadatta in his own position and — going near the sage Gunapala — obtained self-knowledge and took initiation. Similarly his wife Padmavati went to the nun Suvrata and took initiation, thus maintaining the purity of her noble lineage. Jinadatta, having become the master of all the wealth of his father's position, enjoyed pleasures with Manorama and other beautiful wives. That same Jinadatta will himself come to this Ratnadwipa for wealth acquisition (vv. 318–321). Through him alone our desired work will be accomplished."

After some days, Jinadatta came to Garudavega. Garudavega was greatly pleased at his arrival, honored him splendidly, and then said with great deference: "O friend! I have a daughter named Gandharvadartta. You should go to Rajapura city and conduct a *svayamvara* for her." Following his instructions, Jinadatta also took the girl along with many Vidyadharas to Rajapura city (vv. 322–324).——

THE VINA SVAYAMVARA — Jīvandhara swāmi WINS GANDHARVADARTTA (vv. 325–344)

Going there, he announced a *svayamvara* in the Manohara forest and constructed a grand, beautiful svayamvara hall (v. 325). Many kings and princes skilled in arts and sciences came to that hall. Then Gandharvadartta worshipped Lord Jinendra and, taking the *Sughosha vīṇa* of auspicious marks, entered the *svayamvara* assembly hall (vv. 326–327). There she played the vina with a mixture of songs and pure classical musical modes, and humbled all the kings assembled there (v. 328).

Jīvandhara swāmi too was present in that hall. He came wishing to remove the pride that Gandharvadartta had from her knowledge of the vina (v. 329). First he appointed as judges those who were impartial, learned, expert in vina-knowledge, and accepted by both sides; then he asked those appointed officers to bring him a flawless vina. They brought him three or four vinas, but Jīvandhara swāmi found defects in each — flaws of hair, fur, lava, and so on — and returned them all. Then he said to Gandharvadartta: "If your heart has no jealousy, give me your own vina." At his request the girl gave her own vina with deference (vv. 330–333).

Jīvandhara swāmi took the vina and sang. His singing followed the proper scriptural path; it was a blend of song and the sounds of the instrument; it was filled with deep resonance; it was beautiful, melodious, and capable of entrancing even the minds of deer. It was adorned with the flowers of learned acclaim. Seeing Jīvandhara swāmi's singing, Gandharvadartta — urged by Kama's arrows — placed a garland on his heart. This is as it should be — what cannot happen in the presence of merit! (vv. 334–336)

Those whose faces had been brilliant as lamps at night — the very moment the garland fell on Jīvandhara swāmi's neck — some of them became pale and lustreless like extinguished lamps (v. 337). And Gandharvadartta, in her mind, addressed the Sughosha vina: "O Sughosha! You are melodious, you steal the heart, you are worthy of the highest lineage. You have been my most skilled messenger in bringing about the union with this prince!" (vv. 338–339)

At that moment, Kashthangara's son — urged by wicked men — launched an attack. Prince Jīvandhara too, learning this news, mounted the fragrant elephant Jaygiri and — with anger — moved out to face the enemy's army. Just then Garudavega, the Vidyadhara king and Gandharvadartta's father, acted as mediator between the two and pacified the enemy's forces (vv. 340–343). Then Garudavega united the two in marriage as husband and wife, and thus he became fulfilled. This is as it should be — for a father there is no other duty than giving away a daughter (v. 344). The happiness born of the union of those two — Jīvandhara swāmi and Gandharvadartta — whose mutual love and joy were growing, reached the very highest limit (v. 345).

THE FRAGRANT POWDER CONTEST — ORIGIN OF YAKSHA SUDARSANA (vv. 346–365)

Then: spring — the season that excites Kama — arrived. All the city-dwellers went with their wealth, with great festivity, along with the king, to the Suramalayana garden for forest sport. In that same city there was a fine merchant named Vaishravanadata; from his wife Ashramanjari was born a daughter named Suramanjari (vv. 346–348).

Suramanjari had a maid named Shyamalata; she too had come with Suramanjari to the garden. She had a fragrant powder named Chandrodaya. Taking it and proclaiming "There is no other fragrant powder in the world besides this!" she was wandering about, making known her mistress's clever distinction (vv. 349–350). In that same city there was a merchant named Kumardatta; from his wife Vimala was born a daughter named Gunamala, of pure qualities; and Gunamala had an articulate maid named Vidyullata. That Vidyullata — held in the snare of the ghost of pride — was also going about repeatedly in the assembly of learned people proclaiming her mistress's qualities: "This is the Suryodaya powder; it is so fragrant that even bees come and settle on it; such a fragrant powder cannot be found even in heaven." (vv. 351–353)

Thus both their hearts filled with jealousy and envy and they proposed a contest. But those who knew the science of fragrances were unable to judge. The young lord Jīvandhara swāmi was present and examined both powders himself; he concluded that the Chandrodaya was superior. "If you want proof, I will demonstrate it clearly," he said. Taking both powders in his hands, he quickly threw both of them simultaneously. As soon as both were thrown, the bees — drawn by the intense fragrance — swarmed on the Chandrodaya powder. Seeing this, all the learned people present praised Jīvandhara swāmi (vv. 354–357). From that day on, both girls gave up their mutually created jealousy, and both took a vow not to be jealous of each other from then on (v. 358).

Then: on another occasion, the city-dwellers had gone to the forest to play. Wicked young men there saw a dog and began to beat it. The agile dog, terrified, ran and fell into a pond, and was on the verge of dying there (vv. 359–360). Prince Jīvandhara had his servants bring the dog from there, and filled its ear with the Pancha-namaskara mantra (v. 361). Accepting the *Pancha-namaskara* mantra with concentration, the dog died and became a yaksha named Sudarsana on the Chandrodaya mountain. At that very moment — through avadhi-jnana — he remembered his previous birth. He came immediately to Prince Jīvandhara , offered loud praise and caused amazement to all (vv. 362–363). Then, the yaksha acknowledged the kindness done to him, worshipped Jīvandhara swāmi with divine garments and ornaments and said: "O prince! From now on, remember me in times of both festival and calamity." Having thus worshipped Jīvandhara swāmi, the yaksha went to his own abode. This is as it should be — the fruit of selfless kindness is inevitable (vv. 364–365).

TAMING THE MAD ELEPHANT ASHANIVEGA — MARRIAGE TO SURAMANJARI (vv. 366–372)

After playing for a long time in the forest, Prince Jīvandhara was returning when he saw King Kashthangara's fragrant war-elephant Ashanivega, which thundered like lightning. The elephant was in full rut; ordinary people could not control it; and like a madman it was charging toward Suramanjari's chariot. Seeing Suramanjari in the chariot, Prince Jīvandhara instantly recognized the elephant's posture and method of control. He approached it playfully, without exerting himself through thirty-two different sports and techniques, and in a short time made it motionless and tied it to a post. The people standing there, seeing Jīvandhara swāmi's mastery of the elephant, praised him and entered the city (vv. 366–369).

From that very day, Suramanjari's heart was troubled from seeing Prince Jīvandhara , and she became infatuated with love (v. 370). Suramanjari's parents, through her various gestures, actions, and conversations, cleverly discerned that her desire was directed toward Prince Jīvandhara. Then they informed Jīvandhara swāmi's parents and — with their permission — on an auspicious occasion gave that daughter to the magnificently prosperous Prince Jīvandhara (vv. 371–372). After this, the prince — with suitable affection — began to enjoy pleasures at will (v. 373).

KASHTHANGARA ATTACKS & THE MAGICAL RING (vv. 373–389)

The people of the city were constantly talking about Jīvandhara swāmi's valor and good fortune. But the wicked King Kashthangara could not tolerate this, and in anger he told the people: “This foolish Jīvandhara swāmi has troubled my fragrant war-elephant and dishonored it. He is a merchant's son — his proper work is buying and selling items like harra, amla, ginger, and so on; yet he does not follow his caste's occupation and — low-born as he is — attaches himself to activities fit for royal princes. I will immediately send this evil-doer to the mouth of Yama.” Saying this he gave orders to Chandadanda — the chief of the city's guards — to kill him (vv. 373–377).

That guard went in anger with his entire army to face Jīvandhara swāmi. But the indestructible Prince Jīvandhara , learning all this, took all his companions and came out to fight — and at that very moment Jīvandhara swāmi inflicted a heavy defeat on the guard. This made Kashthangara even angrier and he sent a large army against him. Seeing the large army, Jīvandhara swāmi was moved by compassion and thought: "What is to be gained by killing these insignificant creatures in vain? The proper course is to pacify Kashthangara himself by some means." Thinking this, he remembered his yaksha-friend — and the yaksha came immediately (vv. 378–381). Understanding Jīvandhara swāmi's intention, the yaksha pacified all the disturbance. Then, with the prince's permission, the yaksha mounted the prince on the noble elephant called Vijayagiri and took him home. This is as it should be — the seeing of home is what true friendship is called among those who bear goodwill (vv. 382–383).

The companions and brothers who did not know the cause of Jīvandhara swāmi's actions trembled like tender young leaves swaying in the wind, unable to steady themselves. But Gandharvadartta knew the reason for his departure and was not agitated — that wise woman calmly assured everyone: "There is nothing to fear; do not be afraid; the prince will come soon." Saying this, she calmed everyone (vv. 384–386).

Prince Jīvandhara lived comfortably in the yaksha's dwelling for many days, and then through gestures alone he indicated to the yaksha his wish to leave (v. 387). Understanding Jīvandhara swāmi's intention, the yaksha gave him a magical ring — one whose radiance was brilliant, which accomplished desired objects, and which could transform his appearance at will (v. 388). Taking it, Jīvandhara swāmi descended from the mountain with no fear; the yaksha accompanied him for some distance, then worshipping him, bade him farewell (v. 389).

ADVENTURES: THE SNAKE-BITTEN PRINCESS OF CHANDRABHA (vv. 390–403)

Prince Jīvandhara walked some distance and arrived at the city called Chandrabha, radiant as moonlight with its lime-plastered houses (v. 390). The king there was named Dhanapati, who protected his subjects like a guardian deity; his queen was named Tilottama and their daughter was named Padmottama (v. 391). One day she had gone to the forest to play when she was bitten by a terrible snake. Therefore her father King Dhanapati had had this announcement made in the city: "Whoever removes the venom from my daughter through gem, mantra, or medicine — I will give him this daughter and half the kingdom." (vv. 392–393)

The sage Aditya had previously foretold this event. Hearing the announcement, many physicians came out of desire for the daughter to treat the snakebite, but no one could remove the venom. Then the king asked anxiously whether the visitor had any knowledge of antidotes to snake-venom (vv. 394–396). Jīvandhara swāmi replied that he knew something. Those people were greatly pleased and joyfully took Jīvandhara swāmi to King Dhanapati (v. 397). The prince — skilled in knowledge of gems and mantras — also remembered the yaksha and then enchanted the princess with mantras, making her free of venom (v. 398). King Dhanapati was greatly pleased and, determining from the prince's radiance, shadow, and other signs that he must certainly be born of royal lineage, gave him his daughter and the half-kingdom he had promised. Thereafter, pleased by the courtesy and other virtues of Padmottama's thirty-two brothers, Prince Jīvandhara played with them for many days. The prince stayed there for some time and then, on one night, moved by the impulsion of fate, secretly departed while everyone slept (vv. 399–403).

THE JINALAYA OF KSHEMA CITY — MIRACULOUS SIGNS — MARRIAGE (vv. 403–416)

Walking just a few kos, he arrived in the country called Kshema, in the city also called Kshema. In the Manohara forest outside that city he saw a Jina temple adorned with one thousand spires. On seeing the Jina temple he bowed, joined his palms, made three circumambulations, and at that very moment began to offer proper praise (v. 404). At that moment, suddenly, a trembling tree — as if expressing its openly manifest love — became covered in flowers (v. 405). The cuckoos which had previously been silent as though mute — as if cured by the medicine of the prince's arrival — began speaking melodious and pleasing words (v. 406). The water-flowers inside the Jina temple bloomed clearly in the clean water, with bees arriving in discipline to settle on them; and the great doors of the Jina temple opened by themselves (vv. 407–408).

Seeing all this, the prince's deep devotion became manifest and he worshipped the Lord with the many flowers blooming in that very lake, and praised the Lord with unwavering concentration through many meaningful auspicious hymns. In that city there was a merchant named Subhadra; from his wife Nivriti was born a daughter named Kshemasundari — radiant as Lakshmi herself. Once the sage Vinayandharama had predicted: "When the destined husband of this Kshemasundari arrives, the trembling tree will bloom, the doors will open" — and so on, all the signs as described above. Therefore many men had been appointed by the merchant to watch for these signs. Seeing Prince Jīvandhara , they were extremely pleased and said: "Today our appointment here has been fulfilled." They ran at once and reported everything to their master. The merchant too was greatly pleased and said in his heart: "The words of sages are never false." Pleased thus, he gave his worthy daughter properly to the magnificent Prince Jīvandhara with due ceremony. Then the merchant told Jīvandhara swāmi: "When I lived in Rajapura city before, King Satyandharama gave me this bow and these arrows. These are worthy of you alone — please accept them." Saying this he also gave the bow and arrows (vv. 409–416).

Jīvandhara swāmi received everything with satisfaction and began to live happily in that city. Thus some time passed. Gandharvadartta, using her vidya (magical knowledge), secretly came to visit Jīvandhara swāmi and, seeing him happy, returned unseen to Rajapura city. This is as it should be - for those who love, seeing ones beloved and celebrating is itself love. After some days, he moved from that city to the city of Hemapha in the Hesa region (Verses 417-420).

The king there was named Dridharmitra, and from his queen Nalina was born the daughter Hemabha. At the time of her birth, a diviner had declared: In the archery hall in the Manohara forest, whoever shoots an arrow exactly at the target and the arrow returns after striking - that man will be the husband of this auspicious girl (Verses 421-423). Hearing this declaration, all who knew archery were eager to practice for the sake of the girl (Verse 424).

Jīvandhara swāmi too arrived at that place while wandering. The archers told him the kings decree and asked if he had ever practiced archery. He replied that he had some practice. They said: Then strike this target. He shot the arrow, which reached near the target and returned. Hearing of this, those present reported to the king, who said: The special vine I was searching for has come to my feet by itself. The king was greatly pleased and gave his daughter to the young Jīvandhara swāmi with great ceremony. This is indeed what is called merit. His brothers-in-law - Gunamitra, Sumitra, Dhanamitra and others - were all trained by Jīvandhara swāmi in all branches of learning (Verses 425-429).

Nandadhya Rejoins Jīvandhara swāmi - The Story of Shrichandra (Verses 430-465)

Jīvandhara swāmi remained in that place for a long time experiencing the fruits of his accumulated merit. Meanwhile Gandharvadartta would secretly visit Jīvandhara swāmi repeatedly. One day Nandadhya saw her leaving secretly and asked: Where do you go secretly? I too wish to go there. Gandharvadartta laughed and said: If you wish to go where I go, there is a divine bed called Smarataragini under the care of a deity. Lie on it, remembering your elder brother properly, and you will be transported to him. Nandadhya lay on the bed at night and the Bhogini-vidya lifted him, bed and all, and brought him to his brother Jīvandhara swāmi. The two brothers met with great joy and exchanged well-wishes, and remained together. For nothing in this world generates more love than the reunion of two loving brothers (Verses 430-437).

In the famous Sujana country there was a city called Shobha. King Sumitra brother Dridharmitra ruled there; from his queen Vasundhara was born a daughter named Shrichandra, endowed with beauty and wisdom (Verses 438-439).

As she was entering adolescence, one day a pair of pigeons was playing freely in the courtyard of her home. Seeing them, Shrichandra suddenly experienced jati-smarana (recollection of past lives) and fainted. Her distressed companions - the clever ones among them - sprinkled cool water mixed with sandalwood and vetiver on her and fanned her until she revived. This is as it should be - what will friends not do for ones welfare in times of distress? (Verses 440-443).

Hearing of this, her parents asked Alakasundari, daughter of Tilakachandra and Shrichandra friend, to investigate the cause of the fainting. The expert conversationalist Alakasundari went to Shrichandra and asked: O revered one! Tell me the cause of your fainting. Shrichandra replied: O friend dearer than my own life! If you wish to hear the cause, listen - there is nothing I should hide from you. She then narrated her entire remembered past life to Alakasundari (Verses 444-446).

Alakasundari went to Shrichandra parents and narrated what she had heard: In the third birth before this, in Rajapura city of Hemangada country, from the Vaishya family, the daughter of the merchant Ratnateja and his wife Ratnamala was born a beautiful girl named

Anupama - who was incomparable not merely in name but also in qualities (Verses 450-451).

In the same city was born Suvarnateja, son of Kanakteja (also a merchant) by his wife Chandramala - a very foolish and unlucky man. Although Ratnateja had previously promised to give Anupama to Suvarnateja, seeing him to be a fool and unlucky, he dishonored him and instead gave the girl to another merchants son named Gunamitra, who was a skilled jeweler. The two lived happily for some time (Verses 452-454).

Once Gunamitra set sail on the sea for trade, but at the confluence of a river with the sea there were terrible whirlpools, and while passing through them he drowned and died (Verse 455). His wife Anupama, hearing of his death, also went there and drowned herself. Thus both died; the soul of Gunamitra was reborn in the same Rajapura city as a pigeon named Panavega in the household of Gandhotkatta, and the soul of Anupama was reborn in the same household as a pigeon-hen named Rativega. In Gandhotkattas household the children were studying letters; watching them, both pigeons also learned letters and - with extremely peaceful minds - took the lay-disciple vows (shravaka vratas). Due to their mutual love from previous births, they lived happily together for a long time. Suvarnateja, who had not obtained Anupama, bore enmity against both of them and at the end of his life became a cat. One day he saw the two pigeons and, like Rahu seizing the disc of the moon, grabbed the pigeon-hen Rativega as he wished (Verses 456-460).

Seeing this, the male pigeon Panavega became angry, beat the cat with his wings and claws and struck him with his beak, quickly rescuing his mate (Verse 461). Once, near a mountain cave close to that city, a wicked hunter set a trap and caught the male pigeon Panavega. Seeing this, the pigeon-hen Rativega came home and - having written the news of her husbands capture with her beak - communicated the sad news to everyone (Verses 462-463). Overcome with grief at his loss, she died and was reborn as your beloved daughter Shrichandra. Today, seeing the pair of pigeons, she experienced jati-smarana - that is why she fainted. She told me all this clearly (Verses 464-465)."},

Search for Shrichandras Destined Husband (Verses 466-519)

Hearing Alakasundari words and wishing to find their daughters destined husband, the parents became very agitated. They had all the past-life events of their daughter painted on a picture-scroll and summoned the lead actor Rangateja and his wife Madanalata. They gave them gifts, honored them, and handed them the painting, saying: Do this task with great care (Verses 466-468).

Those performers took the painting and went to the Pushpaka garden, where they displayed the painting and began to dance. The king of Shrichandra city came to the forest for sport and heard about the painting; he asked a sage about the matter. The sage said that it was the painting of a merchants daughter who had become an even more auspicious one and that her destined husband was close by (Verses 469-472).

All the city people came to see the dance, and Nandadhya among them. Seeing the painting, Nandadhya suddenly experienced jati-smarana and fainted. Jīvandhara swāmi applied various cold remedies and revived him. He then asked: Tell me the cause of your fainting. Nandadhya told Jīvandhara swāmi the full story of the painting and said: That soul of Gunamitra has now been born as me, your younger brother. Jīvandhara swāmi was delighted and began worship of Lord Jinendra in preparation for the marriage (Verses 475-477).

The Story of Vanaraj and the Recovery of Shrichandra (Verses 478-519)

Related to this: there was a famous chieftain of hunters (Bhils) named Harivikrama. Fleeing from his relatives, he went to the forest of Kapitta and built a town called Vanagiri on the mountain called Dishagiri. His wife was named Sundari and his son was named Vanaraj. Vatavriksha, Chitrasena, Sendhava, Arijaya, Shatrumaardana, and Atibala were servants of the hunter-chief. Lohajanghaa was the friend of his son Vanaraj, and Shrishena too was his friend. One day both Lohajanghaa and Shrishena went to Hemabha-nagara. They saw Shrichandra, radiant as moonlight, playing in the forest and praised her. Nearby, a man had brought a horse to drink water; they insulted the horses guard, took the horse by force, and gave it to the hunter Harivikrama, greatly pleasing him. Harivikrama gave the horse back to these two. Thus acting as Harivikrama well-wishers, they described Shrichandra beauty, radiance, and other qualities to Vanaraj. Vanaraj, who in a previous life (as Suvarnateja) had desired her (as Anupama), heard this and said: Bring her to me by any means. He sent both friends with many warriors. They discovered where the girl slept, dug a tunnel to her room, and carried her off, leaving a note saying: Just as Saturn and Mars follow the crescent moon, we take this girl to Vanaraj (Verses 478-489).

At sunrise the letter was read and the kidnapping discovered. The king sent both his sons to recover the girl. They fought Lohajanghaa and Shrishena. Seeing her brothers Kinnaramitra and Yakshamitra in battle, Shrichandra mind was distressed. She took a vow of silence: Until I see the Jina-temple in my city, I will eat nothing here (Verses 490-492).

Shrishena and Lohajanghaa defeated the kings two sons in battle and joyfully presented the girl to the prince Vanaraj (Verse 493). When Vanaraj saw that Shrichandra was dispassionate toward him, he summoned skilled female messengers and told them to make her love him by any means. They came to Shrichandra and used gentle persuasion and various strategies to try to win her heart, saying: 'Why do you sit like this? Bathe, wear clothes, adorn yourself with jewelry, put on garlands, eat beautiful food, and talk freely with us about pleasant things (Verses 494-501)."

Harivikrama secretly heard all the trouble the messengers were causing the girl and thought: These messengers may face some disaster from this girls grief. Reprimanding Vanaraj, he kept Shrichandra safely among his own daughters (Verses 502-503).

Meanwhile Dridharmitra and all the relatives gathered their armies and surrounded that city. The hunters too came out to fight. Seeing this, Jīvandhara swāmi was moved by compassion and thought: What good is this battle that destroys so many people? He

summoned the yaksha Sudarsana, who - without harming anyone - brought the girl and presented her to the prince (Verses 504-507).

After the battle was settled with the yakshas help, all - Dridharmitra and others - returned to their city. But Vanaraj, still wishing to fight, followed them. Seeing his wicked intent, the yaksha seized him forcibly and quickly presented him to Prince Jīvandhara (Verses 508-509).

Jīvandhara swāmi kept him bound. Then the magnanimous prince camped with his army at the lake called Senaramy. By divine grace, he suddenly encountered a Charana-muni of blazing brilliance who was coming for alms. Seeing him, Jīvandhara swāmi rose, reverently circumambulated him, gave proper alms with great devotion, and by giving alms to the sage he acquired immense merit - five wonders (panchashcharya) rained upon him (Verses 510-512).

Seeing the five wonders manifest as the fruit of that meritorious gift, Jīvandhara swāmi experienced jati-smarana and came to know all the circumstances (Verse 513). Harivikrama too came with a large army to fight, but the yaksha seized him as well and presented him to the prince (Verse 514).

Then Vanaraj narrated before everyone his past lives: In the third birth before this I was a merchants son named Suvarnateja. From there I died and became a cat. At that time the soul of Shrichandra was a pigeon-hen, so I tried to kill her too (Verses 515-516). One day a sage was reciting the narration of transmigration through four realms. Hearing this, I gave up all enmity and died and was reborn here due to affection from a previous birth - therefore I abducted this girl out of that previous affection (Verse 517).

Hearing Vanaraj account, all the people said: He did not abduct the girl out of arrogance but out of affection from a previous birth. Thinking thus, they all became peaceful (Verse 518). They released the bonds of Vanaraj and his father Harivikrama and sent them away - for this is what is called the virtue of noble souls (Verse 519).

After this all went to Hemabha-nagara. They stayed there for two days and then went to the city of Nagara-shobha. The auspicious Shrichandra was married with great ceremony to the young and wealthy Nandadhya. After the marriage ceremony was completed, all the relatives returned to Hemabha-nagara. On the way they halted by a lake. The attendants left Jīvandhara swāmi seated alone and went to fetch water from the lake, but were attacked by swarms of bees. Terrified, they told Jīvandhara swāmi. The prince was astonished and thought: There must be some reason for this. He summoned the yaksha (Verses 520-524).

As soon as remembered, the yaksha appeared, destroyed the vidya of a certain Vidyadhara, and brought him before the prince. The prince asked: 'Why do you guard this lake?' The Vidyadhara replied: 'O noble one! Hear my story attentively. In a previous birth I was Jatibhata, son of the wealthy garland-maker Pushpadantamala and his wife Kusumasri, in Rajapura city. In the same city, the son of Dhanadatta and his wife Nandini was Chandrabhaa - my friend. One day you (Jīvandhara swāmi) narrated the nature of dharma to that Chandrabhaa; hearing this, love for dharma arose in my heart too and I renounced wine, meat, and other forbidden things. By the merit of this I became this Vidyadhara. Once I saw two Charana-munis at the Siddhakuta Jinalaya. I approached them respectfully and they told me the story of our mutual past births. Since then I have been guarding this lake waiting to meet you, and using my vidya to prevent anyone else from entering it. Now through my divine avadhi-knowledge I shall narrate the story of your (Jīvandhara swāmi) past births (Verses 526-532)."},

In the Purva-Videha region of the Dhataaki-khanda, in Pundarikinii-nagara of the Pushkalavati country, King Jayadhara ruled; his queen was Jayavati; their son was Jayadratha - your soul. One day Jayadratha went to the Manohara forest for sport; there, seeing a young swan in a lake, he had it captured by clever servants simply to please his mind. The young swans parents grieved deeply and repeatedly called out in pathetic lament from the sky. Hearing this crying, a servant of Jayadratha drew his bow and shot the swans father with an arrow. This is as it should be - for the wicked, no deed is impossible (Verses 533-537).

Seeing this deed, Jayadrathas mothers heart melted with compassion. She learned what had happened and was furious at the servant who killed the swan needlessly. She reprimanded Jayadratha too, saying: Son, this was wrong - quickly reunite this young one with its mother. Jayadratha replied: I did this out of ignorance, condemned himself, reproached himself, and moved by compassion in his heart, reunited the young swan with its mother on the sixteenth day after capturing it. Just as the season of rains reunites the Chataka bird with rain-filled clouds, spring reunites the mango creeper with flowers, and sunrise reunites bees with the lotus pond - so Jayadratha reunited the young swan with its mother (Verses 538-542).

With such and other sports Jayadrathas time passed continuously in happiness. On one occasion, for some reason, his mind became detached from pleasures. He gave up the burden of the kingdom and took on the burden of asceticism. At the end of his life he gave up his body and became a god in the Sahasrara heaven (Verses 543-544). There he enjoyed divine pleasures for eighteen ocean periods and, satiated, descended from there. By the rise and fall of his auspicious and inauspicious karmas, you (Jīvandhara swāmi) were born here (Verse 545).

The swan that the servant killed - dying and going through many births - has become this Kashthangara. That is why, due to the previous births connection, Kashthangara killed your father in battle (Verse 546). Because Jayadratha had separated the young swan from its parents for sixteen days, you were separated from your relatives for sixteen years.

Hearing all this from the Vidyadhara, Jīvandhara swāmi said: You are my welfare-bestowing friend and honored the Vidyadhara greatly (Verses 547-548).

Jīvandhara swāmis Mother Vijaya and Return to Rajapura (Verses 549-583)

After this, Jīvandhara swāmi went joyfully with everyone to Hemabha-nagara and lived there, experiencing desired pleasures to his hearts content (Verse 549). Now leaving this narrative, a related story is told: the very day Nandadhya departed from Rajapura city, the friends Madhura and others asked Gandharvadartta: Where have both the princes gone? You know everything - tell us. Gandharvadartta with dignity replied: Why do you worry about them? Both brothers are living happily in Hemabha-nagara of Sujana country (Verses 550-552)

Learning where both princes were staying, all the princes - Madhura and others - wished to see them. They took leave of all the relatives with contentment and set off. On the way they reached the hermitage of ascetics in Dandaka forest. There they went to the female ascetics. All the female ascetics looked at them with curiosity. Among them, Vijaya Mahadevi asked them with great affection: Where have you come from and where are you going? (Verses 553-555).

When Madhura and the others told their story, she was greatly pleased and said: 'All you young men are my own sons companions.' She asked them to rest there that day and to bring Jīvandhara swāmi there when they met him (Verses 556-557). Seeing the Mahadevi's resemblance to Jīvandhara swāmi, those young men suspected she might be his mother (Verse 558). They satisfied the goddess with appropriate words and promised to do as she asked. They then continued their journey. A little further on, some hunters came and troubled them. But showing their valor, the young men defeated the hunters in battle (Verse 559)."

They defeated the hunters and proceeded at will. On the way other hunters surrounded them. Those hunters had earlier looted the wealth of many merchants of Hemabha-nagara, so the merchants had gone into the city crying and raising their hands, telling everything. Hearing this, the compassionate Jīvandhara swāmi - of unimaginable valor - came to the forest himself, defeated the hunters in battle, recovered all the wealth, and returned it to the merchants. During the battle, Madhura and the others had shot an arrow bearing their names and Jīvandhara swāmi recognized all about Madhura and his companions from this. The prince immediately came to their side. After meeting, he heard all the news from Rajapura, rested for a while, and then they all lived happily (in Hemabha-nagara). Thereafter all the young men set off with Prince Jīvandhara toward their own city. On the way they halted in Dandaka forest (Verses 560-571).

There Vijaya Mahadevi met them. With deep emotion upon seeing her son - her breasts filled with milk, her restless eyes filled with tears, her body extremely emaciated like thin wood, scorched by thousands of funeral pyres (of grief), her hair matted like a hermit is locks, her lips discolored from constant hot breathing, her teeth heavily stained from lack of betel and other things - she appeared like Rukmini who grieved on seeing Pradyumna.

Seeing ones beloved after many days also brings a rush of grief at that very moment (Verses 562-566).

Knowing that his mother had not yet touched the happiness of the nectar born from the touch of her son, Jīvandhara swāmi joined his palms and bowed at her lotus-feet (Verse 570). The Mahadevi blessed him saying: O prince, rise - may hundreds of auspicious things come to you! and embraced him with great affection. She then said: The very sorrow that was here has suddenly fled in fear of the enemy called the happiness arising from seeing you (Verses 571-572).

While the Mahadevi was conversing with her son, the clever yaksha - filled with affection for the prince - also arrived there quickly (Verse 573). Moved by devotion to the noble Jain dharma, he honored both with baths, garlands, anointing, all kinds of ornaments, garments, food, and various other things separately (Verse 574). Then with gentle words filled with the essence of philosophical truths, and with stories like that of Pradyumna, he dispelled the grief of both mother and son (Verse 575). Having thus honored them, the yaksha went to his own abode. True friendship is that which is experienced even in times of calamity (Verse 576).

After this, recognizing Jīvandhara swāmi as intelligent and extremely valorous, and understanding that he is greatly meritorious, Queen Vijaya took him aside and told him privately: Your father was the king of Rajapura, known as King Satyandharama. Your enemy Kashthangara, having killed him, sits on the throne. You are thoughtful - it is not proper for you to abandon your fathers rightful place. Hearing and fully understanding this, the prince thought: Valor at the wrong time bears no fruit, just as one must wait for the right season for crops; similarly one must wait for the right time to accomplish ones task. Though anger had arisen in his heart, the great-minded prince concealed it and told his mother: Mother, after completing this task I will send Nandadhya as leader with my army to bring you; until then, remain here joyfully without sorrow (Verses 577-582). Having said this, he left some relatives and household members near her and himself departed for Rajapura (Verse 583).

Jīvandhara swāmi Overthrows Kashthangara (Verses 584-671)

Approaching Rajapura, he told all his companions separately: Do not reveal news of my coming. Having thus instructed, he sent his servants and others into the city first (Verse 584). Then through the power of the magical ring (vidya-mudra), he assumed the guise of a physician and sat in a certain market shop (Verse 585). Seeing Jīvandhara swāmi presence in the shop, the merchant Sagardatta found that many boxes of gems and other extraordinary things were arriving at his shop - and seeing this, the merchant thought: This is the person the diviner had spoken of. So he gave his daughter Vimala, born of his wife Kamala, in marriage to Jīvandhara swāmi (Verses 586-587).

Jīvandhara swāmi lived there happily for some time. Then one day, assuming the guise of a *parivrajaka* (wandering mendicant), he entered the court assembly of Kashthangara. Going there and seeing the king, he gave him blessings and said: O king, listen - I am a guest and learned; I ask a little food from you; please feed me. The king accepted this and the

mendicant ate and came out. Then he went among groups of kings and separately announced: I have in my hand an effective vashikarana-churna (love-potion powder) and other such medicines - whoever wants it may take it (Verses 588-592).

Hearing this announcement, everyone laughed at him and said: Look at this shameless man! He is so old and yet carries such things as love-potions and eye-cosmetics. The people teased him and said: O Brahmin, in this city there is a well-known girl named Gunamala; because Jīvandhara swāmi did not praise the fragrance of her powder, she has developed a dislike for men. First make her submissive with your powder and eye-cosmetic. If she comes under your control, then we will all buy your medicines and potions for a high price (Verses 593-596).

The mendicant then went toward Gunamalas home. Arriving there, he had a maid summoned and told her: Tell your mistress that a Brahmin is standing at the door. The maid went and informed Gunamala. Gunamala received the old Brahmin appropriately, offered him a seat, and asked: Where have you come from and where are you going? The Brahmin replied: I have come from behind and will go forward. A man sitting near Gunamala laughed at this; the Brahmin said to him: I am not joking - old age creates such irony; will old age not come to you too? They then asked: Where will you go? He answered: I must keep going until I obtain a girl as a sacred ford (tirtha). Hearing this all said: This man is old in body and years but not old in mind. Invited with deference to a seat ahead, Gunamala herself said: Now wherever you wish to go, go quickly. The Brahmin praised her reply and, staggering with difficulty, rose and leaning on his staff climbed onto her bed as if she had given permission to go there. Seeing this, Gunamalas maidservants said: Look at this shameless man! and were about to remove him by force. The Brahmin said: Yes, you have spoken well - for such modesty belongs only to women, not to men; if men also had such ordinary modesty, how would the union of men and women come about through the impulse of the love god? (Verses 597-613).

Hearing the old mans words, Gunamala thought to herself: This is no ordinary Brahmin but someone who has come assuming the form of a Brahmin through shape-changing vidya. She said aloud: There is no fault in this - this Brahmin is my guest; let him stay. Thus she turned away the maid (Verses 614-615).

When the night had passed, the old man - knowing the distinctions of pure, classical, and regional musical modes - sang melodiously for a long time, sweet and pleasing to the ears. He sang the same melodious, ornamented songs that Jīvandhara swāmi had sung at Gandharvadarttas svayamvara, hearing which Gunamala experienced great joy (Verses 616-617).

Rising early, Gunamala approached the Brahmin respectfully and asked: In which sciences are you learned? He replied: I have studied dharma-shastra, artha-shastra, and kama-shastra thoroughly. Of these, only from kama-shastra is the result of dharma-shastra and artha-shastra to be known: through dharma one gets artha, and from artha one gets kama -

thus from obtaining kama, dharma and artha are determined. He then briefly explained the nature of sense objects - the 28 types of objects of the five senses, the 56 types when divided into desired and undesired - and said: The desired objects are obtained by those with merit, and that merit comes from dharma; refraining from prohibited objects is what the good call dharma; those wise men who refrain from prohibited objects and experience the remaining ones are the true knowers of kama-shastra. O Gunamala! In the pleasures you are enjoying there are certain faults. Gunamala said: Tell me how to remove those faults - I will become your disciple. The Brahmin then taught her many arts (Verses 618-628).

The next day all went to the forest. Jīvandhara swāmi, sitting alone with Gunamala, revealed his true natural form. Seeing him, the virtuous Gunamala felt some doubt and sat silently in embarrassment. Seeing her silent, Jīvandhara swāmi quickly gave her full confidence by narrating from the beginning the story of the fragrant powder. Then once more he assumed the old Brahmins form, reclined on the flower-bed, and asked Gunamala to press his feet. She lovingly pressed his feet, which amazed all the princes watching, who then praised the Brahmins mantras and arts (Verse 633).

Then the prince returned from the forest. Gunamala came home and told her parents the news of Jīvandhara swāmi arrival. Her parents then duly married Gunamala to Jīvandhara swāmi. He then lived there for some days with Gunamala and all his relatives and enjoyed various pleasures. People began to praise his great fortune. One day, mounted on the fragrant elephant Vijayagiri and with all four divisions of his army, the magnificent prince entered the household of Gandhotkatta (Verses 634-637).

Hearing of this celebration, Kashthangara became very angry and said: This arrogant, intoxicated merchants son does not fear me at all. Seeing him angry, his wise ministers said: This Jīvandhara swāmi is one whose rise of fortune has granted him great prosperity. Gandharvadartta serves him like Lakshmi personified; he has been made to flourish by the faithful yaksha-friend; with companions like Madhura he strives with great effort; he is truly great - no one can breach his valor; it is not right to fight with him, for there is no gain in fighting with the strong. With these reasonable words the ministers quickly calmed him (Verses 638-642).

Now continuing the narrative: Jīvandhara swāmi recognized his duty. He sent many messengers to the feudatory kings of the late King Satyandharama, bearing gifts. The message declared: I am the son of the great King Satyandharama, born of Queen Vijaya. I was separated from my parents from birth due to the rise of my own karmas and grew up under the protection of the noble merchant Gandhotkatta in this city. This sinful Kashthangara - who used to earn his living by trading in wood - was made a minister by your master King Satyandharama; but this base man, finding an opportunity like a snake, killed that very Satyandharama and himself sat on the throne. Therefore I alone should not destroy him - he is your enemy too. Even if he goes to the netherworld today, I will surely kill him. You are the feudatory kings of Satyandharama, you are his devotees, his warriors, nourished by him, his great ministers, and you are grateful - knowing your masters

beneficence. Therefore you, and all his other servants and followers, must today certainly destroy this ungrateful man (Verses 655-663).

Receiving this message, many feudatory kings thought: This prince is certainly the royal son - there is no doubt. Thinking thus, many feudatories came over to his side (Verse 664). Then, with his entire army prepared, the prince himself marched against Kashthangara and fought in many ways for a long time, defeating his army (Verse 665). Then the arrogant Kashthangara, his authority challenged, came mounted on the famous elephant Ashanivega. Jīvandhara swāmi too came mounted on the massive fragrant elephant Vijayagiri. In anger, Jīvandhara swāmi struck down the enemy Kashthangara with his disc (chakra) (Verses 666-667).

When Kashthangara was killed, his fleeing army was pacified by a proclamation of amnesty from Jīvandhara swāmi (Verse 668). Then the prince summoned all his brothers and companions and - seeing them all in reverence - pleased everyone with appropriate conversation (Verse 669). First, Lord Jinendra was worshipped; then many auspicious ceremonies were performed; and then Jīvandhara swāmi was crowned king by the yaksha and all the kings (Verse 670). Then his wedding celebration with Ratnavati took place, and Gandharvadartta was honored with the title of chief queen (mahapattarani) (Verse 671).

Jīvandhara swāmis Reign and Renunciation (Verses 672-691)

Nandadhya brought Jīvandhara swāmi mother Vijaya, and all the queens including Hemabha were brought as well. With all of them, Jīvandhara swāmi was surrounded by supreme prosperity, shone brilliantly, and conquered all enemies (Verse 672). He then began to administer justice playfully and with curiosity, and joyfully experienced the desired pleasures acquired through his meritorious karma (Verse 673).

Once King Jīvandhara went to the Suramalayana garden for a walk. There he saw the sage Varadharmana and went to bow at his feet; he learned the nature of the tattvas from him and took vows, purifying his right belief. Nandadhya and the other brothers also took right belief, vows, and virtuous conduct (Verses 674-675). In this manner King Jīvandhara passed time happily with those close to him.

On one day, the king went to the Ashoka forest and saw two troops of monkeys fighting each other - their anger burning like fire. Seeing them fight, Jīvandhara swāmi developed *vairagya* (dispassion) toward *samsara*. In that very forest, the *Charana-muni (*having power to travel above in air) Prashastavamsha was seated. Jīvandhara swāmi respectfully took his *darshana* and heard from him the sequence of his previous births, as he had heard before. He then worshipped Lord Jinendra to increase the purity of his soul. Hearing the news of Lord Viranatha's *samavarasana* in the *Suramalayana* garden, he went there with great retinue, worshipped the Supreme Lord, and duly assigned the kingdom to Vasundhara, son of his chief queen Gandharvadartta. Jīvandhara swāmi - whose deluding karma had been pacified and whose mind was absorbed in the souls pure states - along with maternal uncles and many other kings, and with brothers Nandadhya, Madhura, and others,

renounced all possessions and took ascetic initiation. This is as it should be - kings, having enjoyed pleasures, ultimately become dispassionate and free from desire (Verses 676-682).

Gandharvadartta and Jīvandhara swāmi's eight queens, and the mothers of those queens, together with Queen Vijaya (wife of King Satyandharama), quickly went to the chief *Aryika* (nun) Chandana and took the highest form of restraint. This is as it should be - even one great person becomes the cause of the attainment of many others goals (Verses 683-684).

O Shrenika! Those sages you asked about is indeed Jīvandhara swāmi. These great ascetics are at this time *shrutakevalins* (knowers of the entire scripture). Destroying the destructive karmas they will become *agrihakevalins* (omniscients without possessions); they will travel with Tirthankara Mahavira; and at the same time as Mahavira's svami attains liberation, these will on the Vipulachala mountain destroy all karmas and attain the supreme welfare of liberation. Their accomplished souls, endowed with the eight desired qualities, will be entirely freed from the collyrium of karma (Verses 685-687). Hearing these words of the Ganadhara Sudharmachaarya, King Shrenika was greatly pleased - for who is not pleased by dharma? (Verse 688).

I bow with folded hands to the Lord Jīvandhara swāmi having taken initiation destroyed the darkness of karma, and became adorned with the fortune of liberation (Verse 689). Jīvandhara swāmi had in the birth as Jayadratha, due to foolishness and heartlessness, kept the young swan separated from its parents for sixteen days and because of this Jīvandhara swāmi had to live separated from his relatives for sixteen years. Hence noble souls should never commit sinful acts (Verse 690).